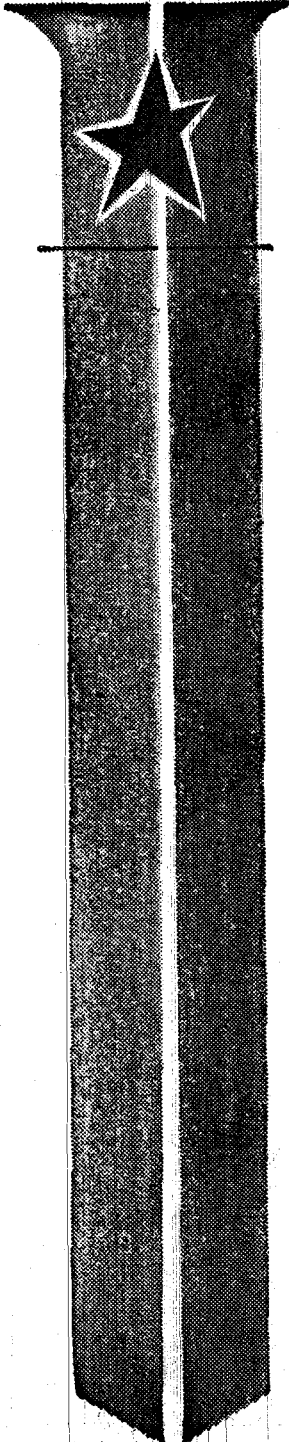


THE NATION

August 10, 1963 . . 35c



South Africa

THE WEST AT BAY

Colin Legum

The Railroads

NEW ROUND OF STALEMATE

B. J. Widick

Vietnam

THE PARIS EXILES

Helen B. Lamb

ROCKY WRECKS THE JOINT

James Desmond

The Sherrod Library
EAST TENNESSEE STATE UNIVERSITY
Johnson City, Tennessee

LETTERS

Underdeveloped Maine

Arlington, Va.

Dear Sirs: "The Trouble with Maine" by William S. Ellis [June 22] is an example of political journalism which stops short of full analysis. . . .

The oligarchy of which he speaks happens to be the only people who are paying wages to Maine's many skilled laborers. Others have boarded up their plants and have gone South in search of cheaper wages, less taxes and better accessibility to markets. . . .

The author . . . would have done well to expand his points about the political leadership void and the amazing unconcern for a streamlined system of higher education. . . .

In recent years there has been a strong feeling that electronic industries could be attracted to the state. Unfortunately space-age technicians require something more than iron-age research and educational facilities. . . . One obvious challenge: to create one of the country's better engineering schools at the University of Maine's Portland campus. . . .

Finally, I take direct issue with Mr. Ellis' uncomplimentary reference to the *Portland Press Herald*. That paper never, to my knowledge, has avoided a stand on any important state or local issue. . . . *Harold C. Pachios*

No money, no paper

Southfield, Mich.

Dear Sirs: In its editorial, "No More Free Smokes" [July 13], *The Nation* has finally recognized the problem inherent in an end to cigarette advertising in college newspapers — no money, no paper. Unfortunately you have arrived at the wrong solution to this problem. The last source of funds that students should turn to is the university.

As a former business manager of *The Michigan Daily*, I think I am correct in saying that in general the larger a university's subsidy, the more control it wants and has over a paper's contents. . . .

The big papers can live without the cigarette ads by doing a little belt tightening. For instance, of *The Daily's* income of \$170,000, only between \$4,000 and \$5,000 comes from cigarette advertising. But the smaller dailies, to say nothing of weeklies and monthlies, depend heavily on cigarette ads. . . . Those which have been able to speak their minds, even if not fully . . . can die a quick death for lack of funds, [or] they can make a deal with the university: money to keep the presses rolling in exchange for the right to print anything worth reading. *Lee J. Sclar*

Poetry and science

Malibu, Calif.

Dear Sirs: Daniel Hughes, reviewing the last book by the late Robinson Jeffers [June 29], speaks of the scarcity of modern poets who "have been interested in poetizing science." The exceptions he mentions are Hugh MacDiarmid "and perhaps Robert Conquest." Even they, apparently, are not exempt from his doubt "that any poet since Shelley has been able to make poetic the science of his time. . . ."

Yet Robinson Jeffers himself, in his posthumous book (*The Beginning and the End*), as well as in more than a dozen volumes which preceded it ever since the great critical "discovery" of his work some thirty-eight years ago, constantly used and made poetic the science of his time. . . .

Apparently Mr. Hughes, though generalizing about Jeffers' "rhetoric over the years," lacked information as to its range of subject matter. . . . One may not like Jeffers' poetry; one may be either resentful or ignorant of what the science of his time has to show; but one cannot disregard the fact that his poetry encompasses more of that science than the poetry of any other poet in English, and probably in French or German, too.

H. Arthur Klein

Providence, R.I.

Dear Sirs: By "poetizing science," I meant finding an appropriate language that might give us an emotional experience equivalent to the intellectual discoveries of the modern scientist; Martinson seems to be working for such a language in *Aniara*. Jeffers' rhetoric, made up as it is of late Romantic fustian and early Nietzschean clatter, does not seem the proper instrument. I would maintain that, by and large, he only refers to science in large and woolly ways. He does not re-create; he does not, therefore, make poetic the science of his time. *Daniel Hughes*

Four years without pay

Tucson, Ariz.

Dear Sirs: In March, 1961, the Arizona state legislature passed a "Communist Control Act," which contained a disclaimer loyalty oath. Any state employee not signing is penalized, not by loss of job, but by loss of pay! Four teachers . . . did not sign the oath and proceeded to the courts for relief.

Two years later, on May 1, 1963, the state supreme court, "conscious of the principle that courts are not concerned with the wisdom of legislation," ruled the oath constitutional. . . .

We are preparing our appeal to the

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United States Supreme Court. This means that the teachers directly involved can expect to work another two years without pay. A local committee has been raising funds for legal expenses and support for those working without salary. People wishing to give a donation or conditional loan may send their contributions to Richard Gorby—Treasurer, 2648 North Fair Oaks, Tucson, Ariz. *Gerald Dulgov*

The China Mythology

A government as powerful as that of the United States, in a world so splintered by revolutionary unrest, must necessarily clothe reality in mythology. This does not mean that the myths are taken literally by the inhabitants of the power structure; merely that they must talk as if the myth were reality and no other reality existed.

The cardinal official myth for many years was that Chiang Kai-shek and the Kuomintang were temporarily domiciled on Formosa while awaiting the day of triumphant return to the mainland. A corollary myth was that we did not "recognize" the mainland regime. This was a bit too thick even for John Foster Dulles who, though basing U.S. policy on the hypothesis that Chinese communism was a transient phenomenon, explained that we perforce admitted its temporary existence. It was under Dulles that the American ambassador to Poland became a moonlighter, doubling as ambassador to Red China by contacts with the Chinese ambassador in Warsaw.

But myths in diplomacy are as mortal as diplomats. Our China myths are very old and very frail. As far as Chiang is concerned, he is barely able to rule Formosa, let alone the mainland. And the myth of non-recognition is in an even more cachexic state — due in part to the Sino-Soviet rift. Formerly American policy hoped to drive a wedge between the outwardly staunch allies. This turned out to be unnecessary; they were driving it themselves. If the gap is to be widened, what is needed now is a lever.

Even the U.S. State Department seems to be aware of this change in the mechanics of the situation and has established in Hong Kong a kind of shadow embassy, the "American Consulate-General," in which, according to *Eastern World* (London) of last July, no less than twenty-nine officials enjoy both the title and salary of consul. In the United States, meanwhile, a business group known as the Committee for a Review of Our China Policy, headed by Ernest T. Nash, a Californian, and Oregon's ex-Congressman Charles O. Porter, is exchanging views with officials in the White House and the Department. The committee proposes to begin trade talks with the Chinese Reds in Hong Kong in the fall, while a subcommittee chaired by Senator Clair Engle (D. Calif.) provides a forum for advocates of trade with China to voice their views. With a straight face, President Kennedy tells his press

conference that our policy toward Red China has not changed. That may turn out to be the first sign that a new myth is about to be born.

The Whites

Negro morale has never been higher than at this moment; at all levels, in all regions, Negroes are pursuing the struggle for equality with verve and vigor.

The response of the whites has been curious and disturbing. It has ranged from hostility and sullenness to a guilt-ridden eagerness to make concessions (no more than necessary), to redress grievances (a bit), to employ Negroes (a few), to afford "better treatment" (not good but better); the pollster Louis Harris reports, for example, that 65 per cent of the whites would like to see the Negro given "better" treatment. Only the white youngsters who have taken part in the demonstrations of the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee and similar organizations are really with this revolution. The white majority's attitude seems to be based on apprehension, uncertainty, reluctance, false piety and a suddenly acquired determination to sin a little less than before.

Yet the United States could be the first great industrial nation to overcome racial bias in its daily life and practice. Our record is bad enough, but our problem was one of exceptional magnitude and gravity. While there are points of comparison between the Union of South Africa, say, and racial practices in the South (see "Little Rock and Johannesburg" by Anthony Sampson, *The Nation*, Jan. 10, 1959), still there is no comparison on the fundamental issue. With us the fault lies, not in our institutions and ideals, but in our practice. The examples usually cited of societies that are free of racial bias are not relevant; there are, in fact, no such societies. Some of the examples are of countries that have no racial minorities or racial minorities so small as to be insignificant, or where the society has only a primitive economy. There is racism in the USSR and Czechoslovakia, as the reports of African students make quite clear. Given the pressure of West Indian competition, even the British are capable of racial violence. Color consciousness exists in Puerto Rico and Brazil, nor is Hawaii wholly free of racism (witness the Massie murder case of 1932, which recently came back in the news with the death of Mrs. Thalia Massie). Nor can one find any interracial paradises in Asia, Africa, the Middle East — or in the Arctic Circle. And it would be interesting to see what would happen if a racial minority, totaling 10 per cent of the population, were suddenly to compete with the French for place, power and position.

The fact is that racism, in its modern connotation, is a virus that must be "overcome"; no society is im-

SUMMER SCHEDULE

After this issue, *The Nation* will appear on Aug. 24. We resume normal publication with the issue of Sept. 7.

mune until it has experienced it. We have a chance, then, in the glare of world scrutiny, to be the first large industrial nation to overcome this damnable blight which H. G. Wells once said was "the worst single thing in life," holding "more baseness, cruelty and abomination than any sort of error in the world." This is a prospect to excite emotions and stir the heart. Yet the whites continue to act as though they were being dragged into the future caterwauling, haggling, grimacing, hemming and hawing, bargaining, resisting, hedging and rolling their eyes. Their attitude is only the more curious in that the evidence is now clear that integration is good for the nation, good for business, good for the arts, for religion, for sports, for labor, for education, for government; good also for our immortal souls.

Why at Bodega Head?

Gene Marine's article, "Outrage on Bodega Head" (*The Nation*, June 22), has elicited a flood of mail, both pro and con, which, if its heat energy could be conserved, would contribute materially to the output of the proposed nuclear plant. On the con side, Jerome D. Luntz, editor and publisher of the respected technical journal, *Nucleonics*, calls Mr. Marine's article "a fiery outburst replete with inaccuracies."

It should be noted that *The Nation* has not taken a stand against nuclear-power generation — which is bound to come — nor even against the location of such plants in or near centers of population. There are indications that the public outcry against the proposed Consolidated Edison nuclear-power station in Queens, New York City, across the East River from the United Nations, is inspired largely by an irrational fear of nuclear energy as such, and that this in turn is the result of identification of nuclear-power reactors with nuclear bombs. The peril to human beings from any well-built reactor is small indeed compared with the risks of nuclear war.

Bodega Head, however, is another matter. Like radio stations, power plants must be located on the basis of public convenience and necessity; that is the law. The proposed Bodega Head plant may serve the convenience and necessity of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, but that of the public would be better served by another location.

A sensible discussion of the problem appears in a dissenting opinion by William M. Bennett, a recently appointed member of the Public Utilities Commission of the State of California and its president. Four members of the commission approved the site; Mr. Bennett was the only dissenter. He concludes, as do many other opponents, that the location is unsafe because of its proximity to the San Andreas fault, which caused the San Francisco earthquake of 1906, and has reminded the region of its presence by many lesser tremblers since, some of which were by no means minor. The fault is active, the proposed plant location

is less than a mile away, a severe shake may occur at any time, and if it were of disastrous magnitude, nuclear radiation might be added to the structural damage in the region. As Commissioner Bennett says, few ventures are entirely risk-free, "but this is not to say that risk should be courted unnecessarily."

The other major objection is that P. G. & E. proposes to build a power plant in one of the most entrancing scenic areas of California. "Steel, concrete and energy," Commissioner Bennett writes, "are not a fair exchange for precious and beautiful land, sea and sky."

The House vs. the Spirit of '76

On July 16, the House of Representatives once again demonstrated the precarious nature of our most important constitutional right—freedom of speech. The new assault was embodied in H.R. 4897, which extends the jurisdiction of the Wartime Sedition Act to include overseas activities of United States citizens, nationals and resident aliens.

The Wartime Sedition Act, originally enacted in 1917, was intended to apply only in times of war. It was resuscitated by a law passed in 1953 which extended its operation for the duration of the emergency proclaimed by President Truman in 1950. That state of emergency has never been lifted and the law is still in force.

Sedition, unlike treason or espionage, applies not to acts against the government but to words alone. The statute makes it a felony, punishable by up to twenty years' imprisonment and \$10,000 fine, for a person to make a false report with intent to interfere with the operation or success of our Armed Forces, or to promote the success of the enemies of the Armed Forces, or for a person to cause or attempt to cause insubordination, disloyalty, mutiny or reprisal of duty in the Armed Forces or to obstruct recruitment or enlistment in the Armed Forces of the United States.

There have been more than 2,000 prosecutions under this Act. A minister has been jailed for stating, "War is against the teachings of Christ"; in the case of *U.S. v. the Spirit of '76*, a movie producer was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment for producing a spectacle called the *Spirit of '76* which, besides depicting Patrick Henry's speech and the winter at Valley Forge, re-created the Wyoming massacre in which British soldiers were shown bayoneting women and children.

There were two good reasons for opposing the passage of H.R. 4897. In the first place, it extends the scope of a bill that is dangerous at any time and obnoxious in time of peace (the allegation of a permanent state of emergency is no valid excuse). And in the second place, its effect will be to muzzle Americans who may have the most pressing reasons to report on situations they uncover abroad. Representative Reuss (D., Wis.) pointed out that one of the reasons

he opposed the bill was that on-the-spot criticism of the Diem regime might be stifled by extending the jurisdiction of the Sedition Act. Reuss went on to cite a hitherto classified cable from Secretary of State Rusk to the U.S. Ambassador to Vietnam stating that critical articles by American newsmen are likely to impede the war effort. The House passed H.R. 4897 by a vote of 338 to 40.

'Water on the Brain'

The recent flare-up of spy and counter-spy exposures has about it so many pleasing elements of melodrama and farce that one hesitates to spoil the sport, but in retrospect the spectacle of world powers playing at Hitchcock is as unedifying, and as unhealthy, as that of elderly gentlemen essaying the twist.

Consider the recent poll, or toll, of cases: Oleg Penkovsky, a Soviet scientist and reserve colonel in the Russian Army, has been executed for selling secrets to the Americans and British; George Blake, an important British agent, has been exposed as a Russian operative; three top assistants to the ex-Nazi Reinhard Gehlen (an Allen Dulles protégé and, after Dulles, the world's most renowned spy master) were found to have turned over to Soviet contacts in East Berlin 15,000 photographs and twenty spools of tape recordings from the secret Gehlen files; a Russian defector named Klinov is said to have turned them in; a U.S. Navy yeoman appears to have been passing interesting documents to men of Slavic countenance, and Col. Stig Wennerstrom is now tucked away in a Swedish jail. His is the most embarrassing case of all, for Col. Stig, while Swedish Air Force attaché in Washington and leading spy in that area for the

Russians, was the particular darling of the U.S. Air Force elite: on his departure, he was decorated with the Legion of Merit, a ribbon customarily pinned on Americans who have dug the Panama Canal, invented radar, built the first nuclear reactor, or otherwise performed with spectacular usefulness.

But in fact the world game of double-agent double-cross is embarrassing — principally on the ground of its futility. And the best evidence suggests that it has been futile for at least a generation. Sir Compton Mackenzie dedicated himself to espionage in World War I so successfully that he was asked to become chief of the British Secret Service (James Bond's boss, as it were). But Sir Compton declined and instead wrote a skit on the service which he called *Water on the Brain*. Satire, however, is never broad enough to get across to everyone, and Sir Compton was surprised to learn, many years later, that his lampoon had been used by the U.S. Office of Strategic Services in World War II as a basic text.

The fact is that the cloak and dagger are as obsolete as the Springfield rifle. Military preparations have become so extensive, military organizations so large, and the coordination between industrialist and warrior so intimate that, on the one hand, secrets cannot be kept, and, on the other hand, go out of date almost as fast as they can be transmitted by fleetest pigeon. In this lucrative but essentially feckless situation, opportunistic spies long ago decided that they could best serve themselves by serving everyone simultaneously. Their lives are full, if short, and they can count on expiring in a blaze of newsprint. They are also essentially creatures of fiction, and they should be dismissed from the service of real nations with real problems and real stakes in the future.

Rocky Wrecks the Joint James Desmond

Miami Beach

A rough-riding, sometimes frivolous, bloc of Southern Democrats turned the 55th annual Governors' Conference (the last before next year's Presidential primaries) into a tea party. Needled mercilessly on civil rights by New York's Governor Nelson Rockefeller and Oregon's capable Mark O. Hatfield, the Southerners reacted by hitting savagely at everything that looked even slightly liberal. In the squabbling, President Kennedy's pitch to the governors for endorsement of his juvenile

training, domestic peace corps, tax cut and mental hospital programs was roughly snubbed.

The treatment was humiliating because Kennedy sent here a troupe of top officials—Commerce Secretary Luther Hodges, Vice President Lyndon Johnson and David L. Lawrence, former Pennsylvania Governor, among others—to dramatize the Administration program. With the Democrats controlling the conference by 34 to 15 (Pennsylvania's dark horse for the GOP Presidential nomination, William Scranton, discreetly stayed home in Harrisburg), the President had every right to expect some help from the governors; but in the end, National Democratic Chairman John M. Bailey, who

spectacularly maneuvered the conference at Honolulu two years ago, got nothing for his wheeling and dealing at this meeting.

Rockefeller was the monkey wrench. He came to this conference for the specific purpose of restoring his image as a serious and important contender for the Republican nomination next year, and he chose civil rights as his issue. The exploitation of his chosen subject was just short of brilliant. Mindful that he'd nearly wrecked the conference last year at Hershey, Pa., by fighting for civil rights in the face of very open hostility from Wesley Powell of New Hampshire, then chairman, Rockefeller knew in advance that the Democrats would

James Desmond, a political writer for the New York Daily News, has just completed a political biography of Nelson Rockefeller, to be published by Macmillan early next year.

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have to run if he pressed his fight. The Northern Democrats with impeccable records on civil rights—Rosellini of Washington, the chairman; Kerner of Illinois; Dempsey of Connecticut; Hughes of New Jersey; Peabody of Massachusetts, among them—were handcuffed by the necessity of preserving some semblance of Democratic unity; there was also the cold fact that the Southerners were prepared to walk out if an effort were made to put the conference on record.

In the circumstances, the best compromise that could be devised was bound to be a shabby one, and Albert Rosellini was patently unhappy when compelled to come up with it. His solution was to restore to the conference the ancient rule that nothing could pass except by unanimous vote. Thus, while allowing plenty of time for talk, he made sure that the conference would not have to take sides on the issue.

Rockefeller was delighted. He began screaming "gag" rule, and with the astute assistance of Hatfield, a Rockefeller-for-President man four years ago, pressed the cry to the point of open Democratic embarrassment. The last thing the Northern Democrats could stand was being accused of taking any step that would prevent debate on civil rights.

Even so, the Rosellini move just might have accomplished its purpose if Governor Grant Sawyer (D.) of Nevada hadn't intervened. As the governor with the smallest minority-group problem in the states, Sawyer blandly proposed to abolish the conference's Resolutions Committee, thereby killing off, without a vote nearly seventy pending resolutions, in addition to civil rights. The Southerners joined gleefully behind Sawyer, and the rest of the Democrats, realizing that every time they had to vote on anything involving civil rights they were hurting themselves, went along. The single exception was Governor Egan of Alaska. The Republicans, all proud of their probity, voted no. The Sawyer proposal, of course, prevailed.

But the Republicans then passed up a real chance to force a vote on civil rights when they joined the Democratic majority in voting down a motion by Governor George Wallace (who is possibly one degree more dedicated to white supremacy than Mississippi's Ross Barnett) to suspend the rules for the purpose

of introducing a resolution to "dis-endorse" the Kennedy civil rights bills now before Congress.

Hatfield later conceded that the vote against the Wallace motion was possibly a tactical mistake. But, he said, he couldn't imagine anybody treating the Alabamian's proposal seriously—and it is doubtful if Wallace was serious—so he made the snap judgment to vote against him. This vote, however, had the effect of putting the Republican governors, who had objected to being gagged on civil rights, on record as voting to gag the opposition.



Parker

Also, while there never was a possibility that the Wallace motion would pass, the Republicans might have startled the Democrats into giving them another "gag" issue.

The consequence of all the jockeying was to turn this meeting into the most nakedly political Governors' Conference since Thomas E. Dewey lined up Republicans in support of General Eisenhower's so-called "moral" position at Houston in 1952. The Dewey gambit was used to turn down Taft delegates, and gave Ike a convention edge.

Whether anyone this time made a long-term gain out of the in-fighting, which never approached the level of true debate, is questionable. Rockefeller accomplished his basic purpose of re-establishing himself as a candidate who must be considered by the Presidential king-makers, but he may yet be sorry that the disarray he brought about in Democratic ranks led the confer-

ence, in its closing hours, to refuse to support President Kennedy's bills on a domestic peace corps, intensified training for high school drop-outs and expanded mental-health programs. These are, after all, vital issues and should they be defeated in the Congress, those interested in them might remember this conference and charge the sins against the GOP.

Moreover in using this conference to get the fact of his candidacy back on the tracks, Rockefeller incurred some resentment from his fellow prima donnas, who resent his domination of the conferences over the last five years. Not that this worried him. Rockefeller's whole play here was an appeal over the heads of his gubernatorial colleagues to the voters back home and, on propaganda grounds, he must be considered to have made his point. Additionally, by staking out a strong civil-rights position immediately after his blast at the "radical Right lunatic fringe" of Republicans booming Barry Goldwater for the nomination next year, he served notice on the "dark horse" Republicans—Governor William Scranton of Pennsylvania, George Romney of Michigan and others—that the nomination isn't going to anybody without a fight. Considering the massive amount of money that Rockefeller can command in a showdown struggle, this is enough to make any hopeful think long and carefully before sticking his hand in the buzz saw.

But Rockefeller also made some specific political gains. For one thing, he seems to have wooed back Hatfield, who recently has been talking vaguely of being a favorite son himself, and Hatfield is going to be in position to exert influence far beyond his state borders at the convention next year. In another area, the Republican governors, breaking with all tradition, set up their own caucus at the conference—something Rockefeller tried to bring about two years ago at Honolulu and failed—with Hatfield as its temporary chairman and Governor Robert E. Smylie of Idaho, as continuing chairman; and Smylie is not unfriendly to the New Yorker. If the caucus continues to function in the off-season—and there is every expectation that it will be used to goad the Democrats on civil rights—it could provide Rockefeller

with a valuable tool for exerting influence within the Republican Party on the state level. As the adroit Dewey proved in his manipulations of governors, this can be a factor of considerable value at critical moments.

The matter of Rockefeller's remarriage was, as expected, very much under discussion at the conference. The new Mrs. Rockefeller, whose spectacular quality of alive-

ness wins her friends even among middle-aged women who vow they hate her, made a distinctly favorable impression on the hard-bitten Republican pros at the conference. Nobody, of course, is quoted on such a delicate subject, but the general feeling seemed to be that in the coming months Mrs. Rockefeller will be a substantial asset to the New York Governor.

All of which leaves the question of whether the conference destroyed

its usefulness, as some governors, both Democrats and Republicans, feared by killing its Resolutions Committee. No one can answer the question certainly at this point. But one thing remains certain: there will be a 56th conference next year at Cleveland, Ohio, because no governor could face his wife if he turned against the conference. The ladies love these get-togethers. And where else would they get a chance to meet "Happy" Rockefeller?

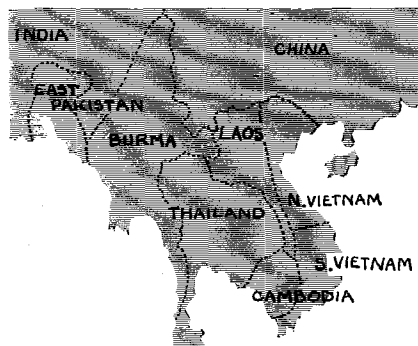
THE PARIS EXILES Helen B. Lamb

When I set out last spring for Paris with the idea of seeking interviews with Vietnamese political exiles for a book that is in the making on America's undeclared war in their unhappy land, I had grave doubts as to how I would be received. To my delight I found these men not only charming, but quite eager to talk. They wanted all foreigners, but especially Americans, to get a true picture of their country's tragedy. These business and professional people, with a beautiful command of the French language, are obviously the elite of a country largely composed of semi-literate peasants.

Since Premier Ngo Dinh Diem has quarreled with just about everybody, even those refugees who fled South from North Vietnam in 1954, the exile community in Paris contains many North Vietnamese, Catholics and non-Catholics, as well as South Vietnamese of various religions and shades of political belief. Thus, there are many political groupings among the exiles. The two newest organizations interested me the most: the National Council for the Vietnamese Revolution, formed in August, 1962 — which is pro-American, strongly anti-Communist and violently opposed to the Diem dictatorship — and the Committee for Peace and Reconstruction in South Vietnam, organized in January, 1963, which also opposes Diem and communism, but reflects a growing sentiment

for reconciliation of opposing groups in South Vietnam and a foreign policy of neutralism.

The Council is trying to instigate a new, and this time successful, military *coup d'état* against Diem's dictatorship. It is headed by Dr. Pham Huy Co, a militant North Vietnamese, and has on its board people in many professions, including military men who took part in the abortive 1960 coup and one of



the pilots who bombed Diem's palace in 1962. It claims a large underground in South Vietnam, especially among army officers, schoolteachers and government functionaries. Members of the Council think Diem exploits the Communist issue by calling all his opponents Reds. According to Dr. Co, most of Diem's opponents are not Communists, but peasant victims of Diem's terrorism, who have been misled by Communist leaders into joining the National Liberation Front.

The Council's bitter hostility to the Front threatens a three-way split, which unfortunately may rebound to Diem's advantage if he can play off the Council against the Front. As to foreign policy, Dr. Co

approves of the American goal of making South Vietnam into an anti-Communist bastion.

The Committee for Peace and Reconstruction, as its name implies, is concerned with stopping the frightful civil war and economic disintegration in South Vietnam. Given the cruel, grinding stalemate between the guerrillas led by the Front and Diem's army sustained by American power, Committee spokesmen hold that the civil war can be ended only by compromise and negotiation between the contenders. Therefore, they want in South Vietnam a new government that is prepared to negotiate a cease-fire and to forward a true coalition of all elements, including the Front.

The very leadership of the Committee reinforces and dramatizes this plea for the reconciliation of opponents in Vietnam. Its head is Tran Van Huu, a South Vietnamese businessman of considerable wealth and political experience. He served as prime minister in Emperor Bao Dai's government — a government installed by the French to help fight the Vietminh resistance led by Ho Chi Minh, the Nationalist-Communist leader of the struggle for Vietnamese independence. The secretary of the Committee, on the other hand, is Nguyen Manh Ha, an able economist, who served in Ho Chi Minh's government in 1945-46 and was head of the Vietnamese Catholic Youth Movement. The Committee also includes Nghiem Van Tri, another well-known South Vietnamese businessman who was minister of defense in Bao Dai's government, and Nguyen Van Thoi, a

Helen B. Lamb's most recent job was as economic analyst for the Center for Economic Studies, M.I.T., where she worked on an India project. She is completing a book on Vietnam.

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South Vietnamese landowner who served briefly in Diem's government.

Several Committee members have been closely associated with French business and banking circles in Vietnam. This presents an intriguing possibility that French interests there, as weary of the perpetual strife as the long suffering Vietnamese, may wish to see the present disorders terminated by negotiation and compromise.

The Committee is convinced that an independent, peaceful South Vietnam can survive only if it adopts a neutral policy toward other powers, which powers commit themselves to respect South Vietnam's independence. So its program includes agitation for an international conference to guarantee the independence of South Vietnam and end its present pitiful status as a pawn in cold-war power politics.

Besides these two most prominent groups, I met leaders of other political factions whose positions fall somewhere between the National Council and the Committee for Peace. The Dai Viet party, led by Nguyen Ton Hoan, a South Vietnamese Catholic, is closer to the Council position. This party was formed among government functionaries in North Vietnam, supported the Bao Dai government, fled South in 1954 and was driven underground by Diem's terror. Mr. Hoan entertained me at his Chinese restaurant and I met there his beautiful wife, who told me of her one-time enthusiasm for the Vietminh and subsequent disillusionment. In the manner of refugees, many of these Vietnamese seem haunted by the past.

An informal group associated with Ho Thong Minh, a South Vietnamese who is an engineer and who served briefly in Diem's government as minister of defense, is closer to the Committee for Peace. It publishes an interesting bulletin, *Pour le Vietnam*. Then there is the Democratic party, led by Tran Van Tung, a man of letters and refugee from the North. Its politics resemble the Council's. I twitted him at dinner that the exiles have so many parties. "We like our separate parties, whether meaningful or not, just as you Americans do," he retorted laughingly, then added: "When the time comes for a new

coalition government, the different groups will work together."

To my surprise, I encountered substantial agreement among the exiles on many questions of fact and evaluation that directly challenge the official American line on Vietnam. Again and again I got this lecture: "Since there is no possibility whatsoever of a legal opposition, change can come about only by open rebellion, by a military coup or by American fiat. You Americans must realize that *there are no other ways.*"

The exiles all give the same answer as to how the rebellion in South Vietnam started. It was triggered, they said, not by the machinations of North Vietnam, but by the peasants of South Vietnam themselves, reacting to the savage, repressive acts of Diem's army, which had been engaged ever since 1955 in mopping-up operations in the countryside. The exiles described Diem's soldiers as behaving like foreign conquerors. Their victims included members of the Cao Dai and Hoa Hao religious sects, who number more than a million, as well as the numerous friends, relatives and supporters of Ho Chi Minh's victorious Vietminh army. This army had controlled large areas in South Vietnam before it was regrouped in the North under the agreement of 1954.

When I asked about the National Liberation Front, even Dr. Co said: "The Front did not precede the fighting; it was the other way around. The Front was set up in late 1960 with help from North Vietnam to coordinate and control the peasant rebellion which was already well under way. The Front is a loose federation of various groups and personalities, some Communist-led and some non-Communist-led, and if a decent government were set up in Saigon, all the non-Communist elements would desert the Front."

The exiles are unanimously horrified by America's military conduct of the war. Destroying crops by poisonous chemicals, forcing people to live in strategic hamlets (called concentration camps by all the exiles) and burning whole villages as revenge for harboring a single Viet Cong guerrilla—such atrocities make Diem's regime even more hated by the people. Mr. Thoi of the Committee for Peace told

me: "There are villages where children are trained to stay under water for hours at a time, with just their little nostrils above water, so that when the napalm bombing raid starts, they will know what to do. This can only breed more hatred and more war."

American economic policies came in for criticism: so much American money has been poured into South Vietnam with so little economic development to show for it. "Can't you see," the Committee's secretary, Mr. Ha, said to me, "that just as American support removes all necessity for Diem to try to please his own people, so American aid has led South Vietnam to become more and more dependent on the United States and less and less dependent on itself?"

Though the exiles thus agree on diagnosis, they disagree on prescription. For Dr. Co's National Council, the *coup d'état* comes first. Then they propose that a new provisional government representing a coalition of all non-Communist parties be set up to carry out the following program: Open the jails and let out the thousands of political prisoners; proclaim an amnesty for all fighting rebels who lay down their arms; promise future elections once peace has been restored; pledge the basic democratic freedoms of speech, association and the press; and start the process of economic reforms.

They believe such a program would lead all the non-Communist rebels, like the members of the Hoa Hao and Cao Dai sects, to desert the Front, and that many of the peasant members of the Communist-dominated organizations would desert their leaders. Thus the Front would disintegrate, leaving only the hard-core Communists, who could be quickly defeated by the regular army because by then this army would be fighting for a popular democratic regime instead of the hated Diem family.

These Vietnamese, for whom a firm alliance with the United States is the cornerstone of foreign policy, cannot understand why America does not help them to topple Diem and institute in his place a more democratic government. "Can't you see," Mr. Tung asked me, "that continued support of Diem will drive more and more

people into the Front; that your support of Diem gives people no alternative to a hated Fascist dictatorship which they have suffered under, except a Communist dictatorship which they do not fear because they have never experienced it?"

The Council-oriented Vietnamese suffer all the frustration and pique of rejected suitors. They sense that their pro-American, anti-Diem position is increasingly undermined the more actively the United States engages in the terrible war and the more doggedly it insists on being Diem's Siamese twin. Their irritation comes out in their opposition to poor Ambassador Nolting—as if he somehow made American foreign policy instead of dutifully carrying it out. But no matter how annoyed they are with America's tight embrace of Diem, they want South Vietnam to have the continued support of American power—not front stage, but in the wings.

As they talked, I began asking myself: Why is it that the United States has failed to support these anti-Communist Vietnamese? Are we suspicious of their avowed anti-communism, fearing that it may be a tactic to curry favor with the all-powerful, anti-Communist United States? Or is it because both Mr. Tung and Dr. Co are Northerners, and Mr. Hoan is a Catholic? The "ideal" leader for South Vietnam would appear to be a South Vietnamese Buddhist. Or is the United States skeptical of Dr. Co's prognosis? Would the Front in fact fall apart were a new government established which vigorously fought the war against the Viet Cong?

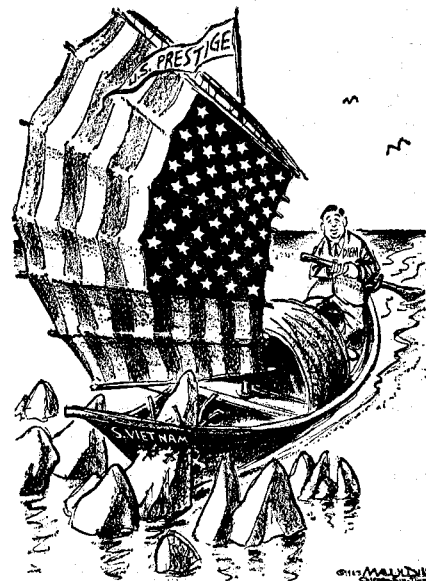
The Committee for Peace doubts that a mere change in personnel by *coup d'état* and a new set of promises would have far-reaching results. Mr. Huu thinks that, for all Diem's defects, there is no point in switching leaders to install some Vietnamese general of dubious qualifications unless a fundamentally new policy be adopted, one which would work toward reconciling the different South Vietnamese armies and political parties. Guerrilla warfare, the Committee pointed out, tends to drive a wedge between the rural peasant population and middle-class city people, especially functionaries of the government. The neutralists

foresee a stalemate in which America's overwhelming military superiority may hold the cities, but the rising Nationalist-Communist opposition against the American-Diem regime can keep the countryside, if not out of government control, at least in perpetual turmoil and economic disintegration. Behind the Front is North Vietnam, at present playing a minuscule role but capable of doing much more were the Front in peril; and behind North Vietnam is China. Therefore, only World War III or negotiations among the countries involved could break this stalemate.

The Committee hopes that pressures building up in South Vietnam, plus world opinion and discreet, behind-the-scenes nudging by the French and British Governments, will persuade America that, in addition to a new government, a new policy of neutralism is needed.

As the war staggers on, many middle-class Vietnamese in Saigon and Paris are turning to neutralism as the only possible foreign policy which might bring peace and prosperity to South Vietnam. They feel that American tactics have failed because the underlying policy of trying to convert South Vietnam into an anti-Communist bastion is mistaken. To insist on a policy of purging Communists cannot fail to tear South Vietnam apart. Besides, South Vietnam is too weak, and too small, and too vulnerable to be an effective bastion against the Chinese colossus. The more South Vietnam bristles with military bases and armaments, these neutralists feel, the more she provokes the hostility of China and the apprehension of North Vietnam. They said to me often, "The people of North and South Vietnam are closely related; they want to be able to visit and trade back and forth, not remain hermetically sealed in two armed camps as at present, in an uneasy truce which may break down at any moment."

Mr. Huu, head of the Committee for Peace, told me: "South Vietnam needs a deliberate policy of peaceful coexistence, getting along with all her neighbors, Communist and non-Communist, big and little, and seriously tackling the problem of rebuilding and strengthening her own economy." In this task Committee members want South Viet-



Diem at the Helm

nam to obtain aid from other countries, from both East and West as in the case of Cambodia. But they want a more positive neutralism than Cambodia has had, that is, a more ambitious and sustained economic development program. They want harmonious relations among Cambodia, tiny Laos and South Vietnam in a *truly* neutral grouping which they believe will strengthen all three countries and eventually attract North Vietnam and Thailand.

What are the chances for South Vietnamese neutralism? Members of the Committee pointed out to me several new and hopeful signs. North Vietnam has ceased to press its legal claim (under the Geneva accords of 1954) for all-Vietnamese elections to merge North and South Vietnam. Ho Chi Minh has said publicly that the future of South Vietnam is for the people of South Vietnam to decide. Furthermore, the chaotic guerrilla activity there has now been coordinated by the Front under Nguyen Hun Tho, a well-known figure in Vietnam. Educated abroad and blessed from birth with the legal rights of French citizenship, Mr. Tho carried on a lucrative law practice in Saigon until he was jailed by Diem's police for his peace activities in 1954. Guerrillas stormed the jail and set him free in 1960.

The Front has announced a moderate platform for independence, peace and democracy in South Vietnam. Since the whole issue of elections to merge North and South Vietnam has been dropped, the

question of reunification of the two parts of Vietnam has been put off until South Vietnam is back on its feet. It is assumed that the two regimes will develop side by side, and will work out their problems as separate entities, with the South eventually forming some kind of federation with the North, if it so chooses. Thus, the new line makes possible the existence of a separate South Vietnam with its own brand of mixed economy, and thereby expresses the wishes and hopes of a great many South Vietnamese intellectuals and businessmen. The Front's program contains specific guarantees for private enterprise and the protection of the still sub-

stantial French investments there. This development is viewed differently by the Neutralists, whether they are members of the Committee for Peace or outsiders, and by the anti-Red Nationalists I met in Paris. The latter, perhaps because they have twice been exiled, first from the North and then from the South, fear the Front's new program as a Trojan horse. Other Vietnamese are more sanguine, convinced that Vietnamese factions, if left alone, can resolve their differences.

As for an international conference, can it be convoked and will it yield positive results? Americans ask: "But will the Chinese tolerate

coexistence with South Vietnam?" The optimists reply, "Perhaps; China talks belligerently but acts moderately." The first question non-Americans raise is: "Will the United States relinquish its hold over South Vietnam as strategic real estate to be held at all costs and by all means?" Neither the Vietnamese exiles nor I can know the answer. But, deeply moved by the plight of the Vietnamese people after twenty years of civil war, I left Paris convinced that America is obligated morally, and would be well advised practically, to give up this bankrupt policy and explore the possibilities of negotiation to bring peace and freedom to South Vietnam.

New Round of Stalemate B. J. Widick

The inevitable conclusion of the current but long-standing dispute between the railroad industry and the unions will be a government-dictated "settlement"—in the form of extra-legal action by the President, an *ad hoc* "agreement" only postponing the showdown, or, perhaps, special legislation from Congress. President Kennedy's message to Congress, recommending that the dispute be referred to the Interstate Commerce Commission and that it be given power to settle, is in line with previous legislation which since 1936 has allowed the ICC to intervene in such issues in some cases. The immediate result will be another rash of articles on the failure of collective bargaining and the obsolescence of the unions.

The stage has been set for that kind of interpretation by the focus in which the current crisis has been placed. "The next big test of collective bargaining's ability to settle critical labor disputes peacefully is coming up in the tug of war between the national railroads and the national railroads unions over 'featherbedding,'" wrote Joel Seldin of the New York *Herald Tribune* in April—and that is a commonly accepted view.

B. J. Widick's new book, *Labor Today: The Triumphs and Failures of Unionism in the United States*, is scheduled for fall publication by Houghton Mifflin. He teaches at Columbia University Graduate School of Business.

Actually, collective bargaining in the railroad industry can't fail: it hasn't been tried for almost a quarter of a century, and most railway labor experts know it. At least three major studies have repeated the conclusion reached ten years ago by Jacob Kaufman of Columbia University:

Collective bargaining between the parties is virtually non-existent nor is the machinery under the Railway Labor Act, as amended, adequate to handle this problem. The result has been a virtual stalemate. . . . We find a breakdown in collective bargaining with respect to grievance disputes arising in these rules and this breakdown in collective bargaining is a factor in the explanation of the unstable labor relations in the railroad industry, particularly with respect to the operating workers.

What the railroads have had, in one guise or another, is a good deal of compulsory arbitration, of which the President's current proposal would be another variant.

The tangle of the railroads has three roots: an archaic labor law once hailed as a model in industrial relations; the impact of the technological revolution; the semi-public character of an industry that lives partly by government handouts in an age of vast changes in the transportation structure of our society.

The real crisis in 1963 is that all these chickens have come home to

roost and nobody wants to face the tragic dilemma they seem to enforce on the future. The blunt question that persists in popping out is: How can anyone, in management, government or union leadership, find a nice way for a union movement to commit suicide by recommending settlements which ask thousands of members to vote themselves obsolete, unwanted and discarded—in a nation with nearly 5,000,000 unemployed.

The question becomes even more cruel when one recalls that, except for the coal-mining industry, no sector of the economy has had such a drastic employment decline as railroads. Jobs fell from 1,400,000 in 1947 to 800,000 in 1961. The areas heaviest hit were the operating unions, whose memberships declined from 807,000 to 212,000 during the 1947-60 period. It is asking too much of collective bargaining as a process to find a "solution," when the issues involved obviously transcend the powers and functions of both parties.

There is no adequate substitute for a job, except another job, and most workers want that and are haunted by the fear that in the coming age of automation they won't have it. Union orators may make speeches about how innovations in collective bargaining will solve the problem, but they ignore the basic trend in union settlements: more pay for fewer workers.

The NATION

That may solve an institutional problem, but it intensifies the social problem of how the country is to attain full employment.

In this context, it is Utopian to expect a satisfactory "solution" to the railroad crisis. Even if the unions agree to the railroad commission recommendation, and eliminate thousands of firemen's jobs over a period of time, the railroad industry will go on from there to press for mergers which may cost another 100,000 jobs. In a word, the crisis has just begun.

Railroad management, by a clever public-relations campaign based on the word "featherbedding," has outmaneuvered the union hierarchies, whose ineptness has made a bad situation worse. And the papers have added to the confusion by swallowing every press release from the carriers. Even *The New York Times* keeps repeating that the companies could save \$600 million annually if featherbedding were eliminated. The image of railroad workers sitting around playing cards while the industry suffers grievous losses has been well seated in the public mind.

Wall Street knows better, and so do many government officials. Over an eight- to nine-year period of time, if the recommendations of the railroad commission were fully accepted, \$250 million to \$275 million could be added to annual railroad earnings. These are substantial savings, but they are only one factor in the financial future of the railroads. Having modernized, in spite of themselves, the railroads are in much better condition now than they have been for a decade.

The installation of electronic equipment and the replacement of the steam locomotive by the more powerful and less expensive to maintain diesel, are important capital gains. An example of the kind of subsidy which the industry has been able to obtain recently was the law, passed in 1962, which provided that regulated transportation companies be permitted to carry forward losses for seven years, instead of five years as previously. It was retroactive to 1956. In practice, wage costs were a factor in determining freight rates set with the approval of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

Historically, the public-be-damned



ENGELHART

St. Louis Post-Dispatch

The Museum of Transport

conduct of the railroad interests was what led to government regulation, so collective bargaining has always been only one factor in the process by which wages and benefits were determined. In addition, the Railway Labor Act, passed in 1926 by a Republican Congress and signed by Calvin Coolidge, was jointly sponsored by the industry and the unions from a set of proposals of Samuel Gompers which put the government in the labor relations field as a third party, in spite of Gompers' alleged "non-government intervention" philosophy. The complicated bargaining structure, with boards, emergency boards, etc., would have made it difficult for the best bargainers on both sides to function effectively.

The result in practice since 1940 has been a thinly disguised form of compulsory arbitration. In 1943, President Roosevelt seized the railroads to prevent a strike, and a settlement was imposed. This action was hailed by the railroad brotherhoods. However, in 1946, President Truman seized the railroads and the unions protested. Clearly, attitudes toward government action depend on whose feet are to be pinched by the proposed "settlement." Currently, it is the industry that demands compulsory arbitration. In fact, the whole series of meetings called "bargaining" were shadow-boxing for public relations, for once either party says only com-

pulsion can settle anything, the proceedings are reduced to farce.

The anguish of the union leaders comes from a belated realization that the good old days are really gone. As long as the railroads had almost a monopoly on transportation, government intervention was mutually beneficial. And the functioning of this system led to what *Fortune* described as follows: "For a quarter of a century, in other words, railroad operations have verified *Fortune's* observation that when labor and management go to bed together, it is the rest of the country that gets raped." The rise of trucking, pipe lines, airlines and other competition destroyed the dream world. "Management kicked labor out of bed," *Fortune* added.

Railroad management is riding high at the moment. Its estimate of the political situation is that the Administration will not risk an "anti-business" fracas like the Big Steel battle of 1962. The railroads therefore press for immediate acceptance of all the findings of the special railroad commission, and are willing to risk compulsory arbitration in fact, and by law, to win their point.

Ordinarily, this might work, but management was somewhat surprised by the recent reluctance of Congress to get into the act. The cooling off period of nineteen days, proposed by President Kennedy and accepted by both sides, was a last-minute attempt to get big business and the AFL-CIO working behind the scenes on their respective sides for a face-saving formula that would avoid new labor laws (new laws would do nothing but complicate an already impossibly complicated mess). The auto, steel, rubber and oil industrialists want compulsory arbitration kept off the books—it has implications which they understand. The AFL-CIO is adamant against compulsion. And Congress has enough controversial issues to worry about as it approaches the elections of 1964.

James Hoffa, on the side lines, has been doing what he can to magnify the political embarrassments of the situation with TV denunciations of compulsory arbitration and avowals of support for the railroad unions. A brutal defeat for the railroad unions might send Hoffa's image to a new high

and add to President Kennedy's political discomfiture.

No new legislation or action could possibly unwind the fantastic labyrinth of wage structures, work-rules arguments and precedents, legal rulings on pay- and fringe-benefit structures, and the general confusion in the railroad industry. The archaic system that took fifty years to evolve isn't going to be abolished easily, if ever. For example: the pay system of the railroads is so loaded with inequities that the commission recommends raises for 75 per cent of the employees, and cuts for about 25 per cent. Railroad workers aren't generally overpaid, nor are they "featherbedding."

Washington knows from the activities of the railroad lobbies that the carriers have other long-range objectives behind their pressures for a fast showdown in the bargaining crisis. In addition to mergers, they hope to put across a concept of operating cost which could bring them more subsidies. Railroad literature abounds with references to "unfair competition" from the trucking and shipping industries. Trucks use highways "free" and ships use waterways "free." Maintenance costs are borne by the government. The implication is that it would be only fair, i.e., competitive, if somehow the government took over a similar burden of railroad maintenance.

Unions are not obsolete. What has become obsolete in this context is the idea persisting among union leaders that collective bargaining can solve union problems. It may alleviate some of them, but the big ones it brings into the open are far beyond the province or the power on either or both sides of the bargaining table.

Every past experience indicates that the only thing certain in the current railroad crisis is that once it is "resolved," it will rise again. And how many more unions face what has happened to the coal miners, and now to the railroad brotherhoods?

South Africa

THE WEST AT BAY Colin Legum

The real importance of the decisions taken at the African conference in Addis Ababa last May are not yet properly understood in Western capitals. The African summit meeting decisively altered both the tempo and the temper of the "liberation struggle" in the Portuguese territories of Angola and Mozambique and in Southern Africa. It also sharpened the attitudes of the thirty-two independent African states toward Western policies on these problems. However tepid individual African states might feel about their degree of involvement, collectively the tone for the struggle is now being set by the most militant of the African leaders, with Algeria's Ben Bella emerging as a Pan-African revolutionary leader.

The African summit has hastened the day when Western countries will be compelled, not only to denounce the policies of Dr. Verwoerd and Dr. Salazar, but to vote unequivocally for action designed to help overthrow those regimes. The challenge is inescapable: it is set out in Resolution Six of the African summit decisions: "*the allies of colonial powers . . . must choose between their friendship for the African peo-*

ples and their support of powers that oppress African peoples."

In the international field one can already see the tactics that the African states are developing to force Portugal and South Africa into isolation, economically and diplomatically. The first step was taken in June when the ILO conference excluded South Africa; the second was taken in July when the UNESCO conference on world education excluded Portugal; the third step has now been taken by the thirty-two African states introducing a resolution into the Security Council.

Meanwhile, in South Africa the situation is undergoing rapid changes characterized by the arming of the white minority and the widespread rejection by the non-white majority of its traditional attachment to nonviolence.

My conclusions after a recent visit to South Africa (where I was born and raised, and where I engaged in politics until 1948) can be summed up as follows:

First, there is no longer any hope for peaceful settlement of the bitter race conflict; that would require a willingness by both whites and blacks to meet on common ground, and apartheid rules out this prerequisite.

Second, there can be no early

decision in the struggle; neither side is strong enough to deliver a knockout blow.

Third, the longer the struggle lasts the greater the chances are that it will become openly racist; it is already beginning.

Fourth, there is not the slightest possibility of preventing outside intervention; the only question is the nature and extent of such intervention, and whether or not South Africa will be drawn into the orbit of cold-war politics.

Fifth, there is little likelihood of avoiding serious disorder and even bloodshed, and the only way of limiting the suffering and disruption is for an external agent—preferably the UN—to become actively engaged in the situation, though preferably not in an overtly military role.

Finally, the revolution has begun in South Africa.

South Africa must be seen as an international problem potentially as disruptive of world peace as Berlin, Laos or Vietnam. It is to Africa what the "Deep South" is to the United States. In America, federal power is being invoked to produce changes in the Southern states; in Africa, the independent African states are determined to play a similar role—but by different methods. Also they believe that their efforts will be more successful if they

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are backed by the world community; they do not see South Africa in terms of whites and blacks, and they dread the situation's being treated as a part of the cold war.

A nine-nation liaison committee was organized at Addis Ababa and has already started work (with headquarters in Dar es Salaam). Its task is to coordinate economic, military, technical and educational aid for the "liberation movements"; and to administer a \$3 million fund to be subscribed by all thirty-two states. Thus the whole of Africa—whether particular nations are "moderates" or "militants"—is actively participating in the struggle to eliminate white minority rule wherever it endures. This is an element in world power politics that the West cannot afford to ignore.

One is frequently asked: "When will the 'explosion' come in South Africa?" But what is meant by the explosion—civil war such as accompanied the defeat of the French supermacists in Algeria, or a military insurrection as in Angola? Neither is likely to be the pattern for South Africa. The explosion there is following a different course. It has already started, and from now on it will gain in intensity, with fortunes changing as the revolutionary forces grow stronger or are temporarily contained. For the point is that here the pattern is essentially revolutionary. White supremacy is being challenged on all sides; and is now engaged in a manner never before known in the country's history.

That explains why the republic's military budget has increased several hundred per cent in the last few years. That is why Dr. Verwoerd is trying to gain time to push through his ideas of establishing the Bantustans on which he pins all his hopes of avoiding the ultimate collapse of the *status quo*. That is why thousands of political prisoners now clog the jails of the republic. That is why scores of people have been hanged under the sabotage laws, or sentenced to life imprisonment or to long terms of imprisonment. That is why, at this writing, 137 people are being held under the new laws that enable the police to jail and interrogate anybody for ninety days, without the prisoner's having the right to see a lawyer and without any charges being preferred.

And that is why one sees the beginnings of an underground terrorist movement — Poqo — and of several underground political movements. These are still extremely inefficient, but they exist, and they operate; presumably, they are learning from their mistakes.

Anybody who fails to recognize that it is a revolution and actively under way is missing a fact as important as the reality of Africa's commitment to it. These two points together constitute vital benchmarks for Western political leaders seeking to find the bearings for their policies in that part of the world. Aside, however, from these political considerations are the more important human considerations.

Nobody should be able to ask about South Africa at some future time what was asked at the Nuremberg trials, or after Khrushchev's exposures of Stalin's tyranny: "Why weren't we told at the time?" It is not difficult to find out what is happening in Dr. Verwoerd's republic as a result of the government's policy of uprooting and reorganizing the lives and relationships of millions of people. Every single day the lives of hundreds of families of all races—but mainly Africans and Indians—are affected in deeply personal ways. They lose their right to work; they have to give up their homes and their businesses; families are forcibly separated—husbands from wives, children from parents.

One out of three of the republic's eleven million Africans no longer has the legal right to live anywhere in the country. Where these people do live is a decision made by bureaucrats. Considerably more than 100,000 people have already been forcibly removed from one area to another, or from the towns to the

stagnant, workless native reserves. Another 500,000 are under notice of removal, and by the time the creation of Bantustans is completed, many more than five million people will have been uprooted. Not since Stalin moved the Volga Germans and Hitler moved Europe's Jews has there been such a grandiose scheme to transport populations solely in the interests of a ruling oligarchy.

There is no mistaking the change of temper in South Africa in the three "quiet" years since the Sharpeville shootings. On all sides now there is a fatalistic acceptance of the inevitability of violence. There is almost a desire for violence, as an outlet for the growing sense of helplessness. An order goes out from B.A.D. (the Bantu Affairs Department) that 200,000 of Natal's 550,000 Zulus are to be moved from their traditional reserves to make one solid "black area" for a Zulu Bantustan. The people have no choice; there is no consultation. Orders go out for the removal of 9,000 Indians, 700 Chinese, 7,500 Coloureds (people of mixed blood) from Johannesburg; for 6,000 Indians from East Rand towns; for two-thirds of Pretoria's 7,000 Indians; for 83,000 Indians, 81,000 Africans and 1,000 whites from Durban. The Indians lose their well-established businesses; in future they must trade with one another.

Alexandra was one of the most flourishing, though crime-ridden, African towns around Johannesburg until a year or two ago. The government decided to clean it up. Already, 43,000 people have been removed, and another 20,000 are to be ousted. Soon only 20,000 will be left; these will all be men, housed in hostels. All family life is taboo in Alexandra; the social life of a bustling town of 100,000 people has



been snuffed out by a succession of bureaucratic decrees. In "cleaning up" this area, wives have been separated from their husbands, children from their parents.

In the Cape Western area, 235,000 Africans have been sacrificed to a doctrine known as the "Eiselen line." This line fixes the area in the Cape Province which is to be reserved primarily for Coloured workers. The Africans must go, and in the last five years 26,000 have been ordered out. Ludicrously, the total African population remains roughly the same: keeping Africans under control is proving to be a Sisyphean task. Here, as in all urban areas, no African is allowed to live with his wife and family unless they have "normally resided" together in the area for at least fifteen years. Newlyweds, for example, cannot live together unless they both qualify for residence. Married men, deprived of their wives and families, are housed in "bachelor quarters"—great red slabs of barracks. (It was in these quarters that Poqo, the black violence movement, was conceived and grew.)

Wives are allowed to visit their husbands without a permit for only seventy-two hours at a time. Most of them travel hundreds of miles from the reserves to enjoy this privilege. One of the reasons accepted for granting a permit to extend a visit is that the wife wishes to conceive. The request for "a conception period" must be argued before a white bureaucrat.

Every African must carry a pass at all times, and when one of them is forced to move from his place of work or residence, a notation is made on this pass and it is said that he has been "endorsed out." To be "endorsed out" is now the worst thing that can happen to an African. He loses his home and his right to look for work in an area of his choice. If this happens to a married woman, she must leave her husband. Sometimes a man is "endorsed out," but not his wife. His choice is between splitting up his family or taking them all into the reserves with him. Since there is almost no way for a newcomer to earn a living in the reserves, it means living on the charity of relatives. An "endorsed out" person must wait to be offered a chance of finding a new job in an

area where there is no "surplus labor." Such areas are generally known for bad working conditions.

The whole system is controlled by the Pass Laws. One thousand Africans a day are prosecuted under the Pass Laws. In one week in Port Elizabeth last January, fifty Africans were fined a total of £770 or 1,610 days in prison, for pass offenses. In the same city 108 Africans in two months were caned for these offenses. In the last ten years a total of 850,000 strokes of the cane, or a similar instrument, have been administered. Over the decade, the rate of flogging has increased more than eight times.

South Africa has become a violent society. The urban African townships have the highest crime rate in the world: many of them are mercilessly intimidated by Chicago-like gangs. Sixty-eight people are hanged every year. The increase in hanging and flogging has been accompanied by a steep rise in serious crime. In 1961, there were 2,610 murders—twenty times the rate in Britain, and 3,252 cases of culpable homicide.

Police methods, too, give the authorities serious concern. The last available figures for 1959, show that 566 police were charged with assaults on prisoners; 311 were convicted, but only twenty-nine were discharged from the force. Recently the courts stayed the execution of three men on the ground that confessions had been extorted from them by the application of electric current to their heads. Allegations of this Algerian type of police methods are heard more and more frequently in the courts.

Violence has now begun to wear a new face—it is becoming political as well as criminal. The government has struck back hard through the Sabotage Act. It has also introduced a variety of methods for dealing with political opponents. They are banned, banished and confined. The roots of violence have already gone too deep in South Africa to allow a peaceful settlement of her race problems. Now only two hopes remain: that the violent phase will be short-lived, and that it can be prevented from turning into a race war. (In the past Africans demanded their rights as citizens; now they are demanding them as Africans. The rise in America of the

Black Muslim movement is a somewhat parallel development.) But, already the conflict is beginning to assume a dangerously racial character. If the struggle were to be long drawn out it would almost certainly become openly racist. The chance of keeping the period of conflict short depends on the nature and extent of external intervention.

On one side stands the most powerful army and police force in Africa. Of the republic's three million whites, 250,000 are trained and equipped for defense. The army, led by officers trained in Europe's leading military academies, equipped with jet fighters, helicopters, tanks and armored cars, is already 10,000 strong and is being doubled. It is supported by 206 commando units, a national reserve of highly trained citizen-soldiers. These are equipped in part with automatic weapons and light armor, and are supported by an air commando organization with 249 planes. The police force—which gets basic military training and has modern automatic weapons, armored cars and helicopters—totals 30,000, of whom almost half are white. The police themselves are backed by a white police reserve with volunteers in all the large towns and in many of the villages. Almost every white is armed. It is illegal for a non-white to own a fire weapon of any kind.

The challengers comprise a number of underground groups which share only one thing in common: a new-found determination to use violence as a means of political struggle. There is no central control over these groups; several are open rivals. They appear, as yet, to have very few arms other than the weapons they fashion for themselves, or steal. The phase of violence began in Pondoland (a region of the Transkei) in December, 1960, when "The Hill Movement"—also known as "The Congo Movement"—went into rebellion against the Bantustan administration. It was essentially a peasant movement, was remarkably well organized, and still remains active. A second group in the Transkei consists largely of young men who use terrorist methods of struggle. A third group, Poqo, emerged in 1962 with cells in both the Transkei and in the urban areas of the Western Cape. The relationship between Poqo and the Pan-African Congress

is unknown. These three groups are properly described as terrorist.

A more sophisticated pattern of resistance is followed by three underground political movements. None of these aim to get involved in pitched battles with Dr. Verwoerd's army. Their methods are selective sabotage and surprise attacks on army or police units whenever possible. They are strongly against indiscriminate terrorism. Their strategy is to undermine the white community's confidence by increasing its sense of insecurity and isolation, and to create a situation which will hasten international intervention.

The National Liberation Committee (N.L.C.), the first of these three sabotage groups, emerged early in 1961. Its interracial membership was originally drawn from all parties, but later became confined largely to liberals (many of them whites) who are not members of the official Liberal Party. It is now relatively inactive. The second group was started by the Pan-African Congress and concentrates mainly on collecting effectively trained saboteurs. The third group, *Umkonto we Sizwe* (The Spear of the Nation), went into action for the first time on December 16, 1961. The Spear describes itself as an organization of African people that is prepared to enroll individual members from other racial groups. It declares itself to be in support of Chief Lutuli's African National Congress (A.N.C.) and accepts its leadership. In its most recent declaration the Spear announced a policy of "an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth and a life for a life until final victory is won."

It is well known to the South African police that recruits for saboteur training in Algeria, Morocco, Ghana, Ethiopia, Eastern Europe and China regularly leave the republic by a route through Bechuanaland and Central Africa. But there is no evidence that the sentences imposed under the Sabotage Act are diminishing the number of volunteers.

As things stand today, the Verwoerd regime is still in a strong position to beat down—and to hold down—any violent challenge to its authority. The immediate prospect, therefore, is that successes will go to the counterrevolution, and that

South Africa will become even more Fascist than it is at present. But the struggle will not end in fascism; the vital question for the future is the role the international forces will play in the denouement.

The Communist International clearly believes that the situation in South Africa offers an opportunity for breakthrough which it has so far failed to find anywhere else on the Continent. Nor should one minimize its chance of success. The Communist countries have the advantage in South Africa of an old and tried Communist Party which has fought hard and uncompromisingly against white supremacy and against black racism. As important, the Soviet bloc aligns itself unequivocally alongside the liberation struggle. Under Chinese pressure, the Russians have adopted in South Africa tactics completely different from those they have pursued elsewhere on the Continent. Except in Algeria, their policy was to prevent Communist parties from operating openly; they insisted instead on supporting nationalist liberation movements. The South African Communist Party, which at one time went completely underground, has not only been resurrected but is now claiming a position of active leadership in the liberation struggle.

But perhaps the strongest ally the Communists have is the attitude of the major Western powers. Britain, the United States, France and West Germany still help to arm the Verwoerd regime, although the first two insist that the weapons they sell him are not of the kind that can be used to suppress internal troubles. They resist every effort to make economic sanctions

effective. Britain, even more than the United States, presents at best a very smudged image to the opponents of the Verwoerd regime. It speaks one way in the United Nations and another in the republic. Sir Hugh Stephenson, the new British Ambassador to South Africa, in his first public address, chose to stress "mutual strategic interests . . . that are of the greatest importance." These words carry more weight in the republic than all the speeches in Westminster or the UN.

Britain's \$3 billion investment in South Africa is obviously of great importance in determining government policy. (American investment is much smaller—\$500 million.) A second important consideration is the value attached to South Africa's possible role in a future war. This is one of the strongest selling points used by the powerful lobby that defends the Verwoerd regime's interests in Western capitals. In these circumstances, Britain and America are tempted to maintain their present equivocal attitude toward the struggle, to pretend that the West can avoid any involvement more urgent than occasional expressions of distaste for apartheid. But Britain and America, like it or not, *are* involved in what happens in South Africa. Historically and economically, the whites of South Africa are relatives, however embarrassing, of the whole Western community. In the eyes of Africans (as well as Asians and Arabs) the West bears a very direct responsibility—Britain, for example, still governs the three High Commission Territories which lie wholly or partly inside the republic [see "Enclaves of Trouble," by Jack Halpern; *The Nation*, July 27]. The West's more or less passive attitude inevitably makes it seem to Africa and the East an accomplice of the Verwoerd regime.

But even if the West were to ignore the question of international morality raised by the republic's racial problems, there still remains the question of where its own true interests lie. A liberation struggle which succeeds in South Africa without—or perhaps even against—Western support is hardly likely to produce a government friendly to either Britain or America. Thus the West, by betraying its own principles, could end up by also losing the interests which its present policies are supposed to serve.



BOOKS AND THE ARTS

The Poetry of the Novel

THE GATES OF HORN. By Harry Levin. Oxford University Press. 554 pp. \$8.50.

Kathleen Nott

As an epigraph to his chapter on "Romance and Realism," Professor Levin quotes D. H. Lawrence: "The curious thing about art-speech is . . . that it tells such lies. . . . And out of the pattern of lies art weaves the truth. . . . But thank God for it, we can see through the subterfuge if we choose." The puritanical doubt, with D. H. Lawrence, need not surprise us. Nor need the method of allaying it — for that is the quite traditional response to the Platonic behest to throw the poets out of the community, and conceived in a similar nursery spirit: it is *wicked* to lie, but the lies of poets are only white lies, and we can even take them homeopathically; and anyway, we, the true realists, were never taken in by them.

Nothing could be further removed from this than Professor Levin's own moral and intellectual maturity. Admittedly, his aim, among others, is to show the indissoluble connections between the art of the novel and the life of society, particularly of "bourgeois" society; and he can even describe the novel, with its felt customs and rules, its growth and decline, as one important social "institution." But he is very far from thinking that his five French Realists — Stendhal, Balzac, Flaubert, Zola and Proust, or their legitimate heirs, are wanton boys on whom lies the onus of proving their right to stay in our grown-up and philosophic community. On the contrary, he accords these great novelists a strictly philosophic respect, one which gives its meaning and its very architectonic to his splendid book. It is not they who measure up to or fall short of "our" standards of Reality or Truth: on the contrary, the novel, in their hands, has taught us to define Reality. And, of course, taught us that "Reality" changes, is always partly conventional, and perhaps in the last anal-

Kathleen Nott is a British poet, novelist and critic. Her chief critical book is The Emperor's Clothes; a new novel, An Elderly Retired Man, will be published by Faber and Faber this fall.

ysis is what we find common among individual subjectivities. Professor Levin is not very far behind Wilde's *mot*, which he quotes: "The novel invented the nineteenth century."

This profound and spacious study is indeed a contribution to epistemology: the novel can be a mode of knowledge, and with the masters, it is so. Disillusionment means not only the description and the acceptance of the heart's disappointments, or of the loss of faith either in God or Man. It means, in a literal and also a salutary way, getting rid of illusions, even of delusions and hallucinations — for Don Quixote is at the head of this tradition. And Stendhal, to whose disillusionment Professor Levin gives also the wordly or cynical force, is in it too. For even cynicism and worldliness are seen as the attempt to establish *what is the case* about the human heart, and so as part of the movement toward its real discovery.

This arm of the progression finishes in Proust, whom Professor Levin sees, not as a nostalgic remembrancer (as the title of Scott-Moncrieff's translation suggests), but as another researcher into subjective Reality.

What happened was a widening divergence between documentary and autobiography. One illustration of the documentary attitude is Flaubert's "*mot juste*," which is not very different from a philosophical theory of Correspondence — Truth is the language which accurately "pictures" the structure of the universe. (Professor Levin's most recent epigraph is a quotation from Wittgenstein, which shows his awareness of this parallel.) Documentation is even more obvious in Balzac's "civic registry" and his structural use of accountancy: money is the very composition of his world. And we all know about Zola's notebook.

Professor Levin's account of the use and significance of the non-human and the inanimate, which shows how it implies a comment on the situation and status of man, could not be bettered. Even in Zola's case, where one might suspect the inventorial, Professor Levin reveals a kind of mythopoeia. The handling by all

these writers of the material world — its cities, its mines, its interiors and its external nature — he sees as the peculiar poetry of the novel.

But as far as the artistic future is concerned, he is not altogether on the side of the documentators — and indeed later fiction has shown that documentation is an easy trick for a copyist. Professor Levin suggests that the authentic future is with some kind of myth-making (but largely because myth was always the substratum of the novel in the great heyday he is studying). He shows, however, that what is significant, both for good or bad, in our own day, is still coming through the Gate of Horn; it is in the apparently irreversible progression of Realism; bad, when, as with Salinger, "the contents of the family medicine-chest are itemized"; good, when it is a kind of absolute honesty, as we must suppose is the case with certain recent French authors, who will not pretend to a knowledge of any identity or subjectivity, even their own, which they feel can never be authentically possessed.

This latter-day development can give us a retrospective understanding of the "Realistic" morality — a firm adherence to *What is the case, as I, the writer, see it in a continually self-clarifying and maturing vision*. In such retrospect even Balzac's world, divided into rogues and dupes, can be seen as a morality of undeception. Professor Levin makes one imagine an ironic possibility: his novelists might be bringing back the poet as the only true man in a republic that consists of liars and their victims.

It should not be supposed that this genuinely philosophical piece of criticism is dryly theoretical. On the contrary, Professor Levin's thought is like a strong internal illumination of his profoundly imaginative grasp of his material. Great skill on top of years of labor has produced a work which passes the most elementary and the most difficult of tests. It sends you back to the books with new excitement and new insights, and you see them perhaps for the first time as a real coherence, a great human "institution," as Professor Levin would say, but without institutionalization, still with the capacity of growth and flexibility.

The NATION

The Misfit at Home

SPRIGHTLY RUNNING. By John Wain. St Martin's Press. 265 pp. \$5.

David Littlejohn

John Wain, the middle-aging Englishman of letters, has just published the first half of his autobiography, surveying the first thirty-five years of his three score and ten. He obviously, and intelligently, felt the need for a personal taking stock in mid-journey: but whether it was necessary or useful for him to share it all with us remains to be asked. Autobiography-as-personal-therapy, especially for a professional writer, may be a fine and healthful thing; but a book must be justified on quite other grounds for the general reading public.

"I have often thought," wrote Wain's (and my) favorite author, Samuel Johnson, "that there has rarely passed a life of which a judicious and faithful narrative would not be useful." Still, laboring through the first hundred pages of *Sprightly Running*, one wonders just how "useful" can be the hundredth retelling of the cradle-to-college torments of an English boyhood. The harrowing fears of older children, the vicious schoolboy bullies, the sadistic masters, the incomprehension of stupid adults, the pangs of adolescent love, all grating on the sensitive soul of the author-in-training, whose only escape is to the dwindling Wordsworthian woods: it is all so embarrassingly uninteresting.

Reshaped into fiction, without the annoying presence of this too-objective, too-analytic adult, all this may have worked — it often has — to evoke the harsh, inescapable hell that has made up so much of everyone's childhood, the part that everyone except writers rigorously forgets. But Wain is too anxious to find *meanings* in it all, to make every street fight prefigure the war, every bully a portent of Hitler, to find the springs of his present (and genuine) tragic vision in the loneliness of a misfit adolescent. He traces his kinship with a disappearing English "nature" to the days when he loved having his pram wheeled under the trees; and sees (at five) a backyard football game as "Art Triumphant over Power."

Fortunately (for us), John Wain sur-

vived all this, and went up to Oxford in 1944, rejected by the Army (he is careful to explain) for poor eyesight; and his loving reflections of those four years make up the book's most admirable chapter. He was still a misfit, but now more or less at home among a gloriously literate sideshow of misfits. "With our artificial legs, our glass eyes, our deflated lungs, our asthma, our heart disease, we limped about, discussing Shakespeare and Milton amid the skirling of huge lorries running in four wheel drive."

Here he found Charles Williams, Nevill Coghill, his tutor C. S. Lewis; most outrageously, E. H. W. Meyerstein, Wain's minor contribution to the list of eccentric and unhappy English immortals. His thirty-five-page portrait of this mad and magnificent failure is the finest thing in the book (as Wain doubtless realized in printing it intact last year in *Encounter*). Not only does he bring this paranoic mountain of a man triumphantly to life; he is also able to analyze both Meyerstein and his relationship to him with an artistry that is at once sympathetic, honest and keen.

The fifth chapter — "A Literary Chapter" — is almost as good, as readable (and as long) as the chapter on Oxford. There is here — and this is not its best feature — a good deal of angry editorializing, which was perhaps to be expected from a man who frankly makes his living by literary journalism. (Although Wain is *not*, as he insists and insists again, one of the Angry Young Men.) His severe opinions on critics and reviewers, on poetry fakery, on Fame in Our Time, on the Age of the Ad Man are as vigorous (and ineffective) as such things usually are, if perhaps more cogent, and more justified, than most. Still, he seems to write with considerably less care when engaged in such rambling journalistic warfares.

In this chapter too comes our glimpses of Wain's milieu, of the English literary world, half-academic, half-journalistic (since he has been both), of Leavis and the Leavites, C. S. Lewis' postwar coterie, the *genuine* Angry Young Men, "The Movement," the *New Statesman*, the B.B.C. It bears the passing and small fascination such pictures afford. More important, more serious, is his defense of leaving teaching for writing, coupled with uniquely perceptive commentaries on both professions ("... the horrible

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David Littlejohn is a member of the English faculty, the University of California.

August 10, 1963

drudgery of a don's life — the stacks of essays to be waded through, the committee meetings with boring colleagues, the fresh wave of empty young heads, every October, that have to be filled somehow"); his discussions of the university's role, of academic psychology, and of critical versus creative writing, the latter of which strikes me as almost a Last Word on the subject.

The book declines from here on into more rambling journalese, largely his "Impressions" of America and Russia. He surveys the whole of American social history in an extraordinary single paragraph (p. 228), and goes on to lament our want of a settled tradition, our "reliance on material profusion" and our frightful neighborliness.

His Russian impressions are of little more lasting merit; moreover, four-fifths of the chapter is simply a reprint of his Open Letter to *The Observer*. He disliked the experience, which was politic, found it oppressive

to the point of near-nervous breakdown, and fled after a month; but his account of the ubiquitous propaganda, the filtered and distorted information, the abuse of foreign books and foreign tourists, the imbalanced educational system strikes me as no more impressive or revealing than a dozen other such reports. There are times one almost wishes they had kept the curtain closed.

Still, the Oxford and Literary chapters make up almost half the book, and they are fine: for what the evidence is worth, I am eager to read them again. Here is the man that matters: the writer, the lover of men and life and letters who has never let his premature, self-indulged "tragic vision" get in the way of his zest for living, his commitment to writing, his delight in the eccentric and wonderful in man. I, at least, am as sure as he is that the next thirty-five years, for a man so prepared and so open, will make a second volume of memoirs even more worth the reading, come (if it come) 1998.

One Knows by Seeing

TO MIX WITH TIME: New and Selected Poems. By May Swenson. Charles Scribner's Sons. 183 pp. \$3.50 cloth; \$1.45 paper.

Richard Moore

May Swenson seems to disagree with Robert Frost that a poem should begin in delight and end in wisdom. She seems to think it ought to have delight all the way through and, like Homer, leave the wisdom to the reader, if he has any. Her best poems are all haunting specifics — done with a fanciful brilliance of physical perception which reminds one at times of Emily Dickinson, at times of Elizabeth Bishop, but has a quality found in neither. Like Georg Trakl she pursues a skepticism so absolute that it distrusts abstractions of any kind. With her, perception itself is a mystique, and it is only in recent poems that she attempts to explain it. Of these perhaps the best is "The Universe," which is no explanation at all, but a comedy of unanswered questions echoing one another like a cat chasing its tail.

Richard Moore teaches English and Classics at Trinity College, Burlington, Vermont. Poems of his are forthcoming in Harper's, The New Yorker and Saturday Review.

shrinking in terror or squeezing out three or four logic-chopping stanzas in self-defense, make you feel that poetry can outdo painting? —

... Like eclipses of the sun,
Their plate-heads, almost black,
spun
within the yellow aureoles. . . .

The book floats on such uncanny evocations. A few more tourists like this, one feels, and cameras would be recognized as the hoaxes they are.

If one believes that there are grave poets and frivolous ones, Miss Swenson can be disconcerting. She presents us with the play of an outrageous fancy, and her poker face and voice seem to say, "There's truth for you!" Her poems sometimes have an outlandish quality which reminds one of the mythologies of Australian aborigines; and her queer alternation of verbal brilliance, chantlike repetition, awkwardness both apparent and real, and even flat prose, enhance the impression. The opening stanzas of the remarkable poem, "Landing On The Moon," actually make the reader feel like a bushman puzzling the night sky. In fact the visible world which Miss Swenson seeks and presents tends to keep the primitive duplicity it has before our philosophical or practical consciousness decides what it is. It is a part of us, she says in a poem significantly titled "The Primitive," and we are indistinguishable from it; but at the same time it is implacably and completely unconcerned with us. Nothing can be known by seeing, and yet by seeing alone can one know all the wonders that the world is full of. What makes this meaningful is that we see and hear the wonders in the poems.

Miss Swenson gives us plenty of

Called Home

Tremors, bleeding windows, cloud,
steel doors wailing Woodlawn north.
Just words, a valve shut down, burst,
maimed at last. Called home . . .
O nothing, nine years, the park is gone. . . .

Disinfectant suffocates the stairs.
C-44, their fourth-floor walk-up door
knows my old key . . .
Gray walls now, a breath of dead cigars,
Van Gogh's quailing postman glares —
I freeze. I chain the door . . .
There on my turquoise, pre-war sofa-bed

How many times!
the ashes of my broken mother's hair.

Milton Kessler

lapses as well. Poems like "Downward" seem bare, flat statements; and with neither a firm meter, regular rhymes nor rhetoric to cling to, she dissipates sometimes into prosy formlessness. Especially in her earlier pieces she

lacks denouement and variety of tone; and her intermittent fascination with typographical tiddlywinks occasionally tricks her into thinking that a collection of sputters is a poem. But there is hair-raising poetry in this book.

ture. But, in effect, the Americans, the British, the Indians, the Chinese, are kept from doing business.

The Chinese enjoy a bit more favor. In Rangoon are several schools which have full curricula that quite openly prepare students for life under Red China. The Chinese banks, too, have proved almost as clever as the Burmese Government. By lending directly and with no collateral to the Chinese in the city they have managed to incorporate all important Chinese in Rangoon. Coercion is simple. They call in their notes quite suddenly; the unhappy borrower cannot pay. The bank can foreclose instantly or — if the debtor is reasonable and does what he is told — can help him along.

Win's policy is a neutrality as complete as he can make it; but, unlike Tito, he is not in a position to take the best from the two possible worlds. He has 1,500 miles of China

LETTER from BURMA

Donald Richie

Burma is paradise in a state of insurrection. It is a country so warm you don't need a roof over your head; where to eat you need merely stretch a hand to the nearest mango tree. It is so hot — with a monsoon season lasting for months — that it becomes impossible to work; and so preposterously fecund that if you break a branch and stick it into the ground it will take root overnight and blossom within a week. It is a real tropical land, all green and misty, the lovely old buildings of Rangoon and Mandalay wearing a patina of pale mossy green and of a light gold, the color of the underside of mushrooms.

Nothing much changes in Burma. It is the only country in the world where the old national costume, the comfortable wrap-around *longyi*, is worn by everyone — except the policemen and the army. The trades — brass from Rangoon, carvings from Mandalay, lacquer from Pagan — continue as they have for centuries. Occupation by the British, occupation by the Japanese, have not substantially changed the Burmese. There is no hunger, little poverty, and the undercultivated, under-populated land (22 million) provides life for all.

Consequently the 1962 revolution, the continuing insurrections, surprise. Where did all of this energy come from? In 1947, when connections were politely severed from the Commonwealth, and old U Nu became Prime Minister, the change was simply a matter of juggling offices and changing a few signs. But General Ne Win's coup of last year was of a kind foreign to Burma. The energy displayed by the General in his position as Chairman of the Revolutionary Council is quite un-Burmese.

The answer is that the General and his staff are Sino-Burmese. In Burma it is always the mixed races or the foreigners who do things. The insur-

gents are not pure Burmese either — they are strange and wonderful peoples from the Eastern Shian States, from Karen, from Kichin. In a way, the continuing civil war — which is what it amounts to — is among peoples who are not Burmese at all.

Their concern, however, is for Burma, and General Ne Win is a man in the idealistic mold of a Tito or a Nasser. The Indians and Chinese (mainly merchants and bankers), who all but controlled the country before 1962, were often immensely wealthy, and their methods were notorious. One of the first actions of Win was directed against them. A nationalization of industries is always directed at outside holders. Economically, the Chinese and the Indians were to be squeezed out; politically, the English and the Americans.

Things quite suddenly became very difficult. Overnight, the old custom of petty graft in order to facilitate became impossible; in its place was erected what must be one of the most formidable bureaucracies in the world. Dozens of new rules appeared every week. If you were a foreigner and left Burma, then you could not come back. Transfers of monies between Burma and other countries became almost impossible. Even foreign scholarships were discouraged. If the student was awarded one for study outside the country he had to put up a bond of 50,000 *kyats* — quite a lot of money. The Asia Foundation, Ford, even Fulbright, found themselves asked to leave. The USIS people are still holding on in Rangoon, but their building has been requisitioned from under them. Gifts of books or records from England and America molder in warehouses. New instruments for the police band rust in a warehouse — the reason being that these are all gifts from other governments and, as such, not acceptable.

Not that the worried donors ever receive such clear-cut reasons. It is always a matter of the necessary form, the all-important but missing signa-

Donald Richie, novelist and film critic, is now in Germany, having presented the Yasujiro Ozu Retrospective at the XIII Berlin Film Festival.

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border and he is very afraid. Thus Peking may speak with pride of its border agreement with Burma as being a "fine example." Indeed, it had to be — Win had no other choice.

Nor is this the end of his problems. He has the insurgents, and each one is different. Precisely what they all want it is difficult to say. Some, like the Shian States, want autonomy and a return to their nearly extinct ruling family. The Kachin Independent Army — now almost destroyed — wanted a hand in the government. The Karens, to the south, are Communists but they are not Chinese Communists. In 1962, insurgents of various kinds were in the suburbs of Rangoon. They are now driven back, but not nearly so far as one would be led to believe. The delta of the Irrawaddy contains a number. One cannot travel south without an escort. Nor north, nor east, nor west. Win's Burma is, in effect, the city of Rangoon and the great middle area of Burma — scrub, jungle, plain and the Irrawaddy.

This is proving difficult for the people who live in the outlying districts. In the delta, for example, the peasants are particularly hard-pressed. In disputed territories they must pay their taxes twice: once to the central government and again to the local insurgents. In addition, many of the insurgents are merely bandits who have found that a political front makes their activities seem more respectable.

Much of their money comes from the smuggling in of arms — presumably across the Thai border. There was the incident of a few years back when the central government uncovered a great cache of American arms being used by the KMT in the north. These had come from Formosa, of course, and not directly from America, but one of the results was the expulsion of American interests, including the Asia Foundation. Probably no one outside the CIA knows if it really had agents in the foundation. The foundation certainly knew nothing about them—how would it?

One of Win's latest moves has been a general act of amnesty, extended in the hope that insurgents and political offenders will come over peaceably. One Communist leader said that there were only 10,000 insurgents in the country, but it is significant that few gave up, and that none of the Kachin were included. Yet, amnesty or not, the interior tension of the country is in no way relieved. Aung Giy, the Minister of Trade and Reparations,

made a speech in Tokyo where he spoke of taking the government away from the military and returning it to the civilians. Once back in Burma, he found himself forced to resign and was then sent to the Northern Kashin States — the equivalent of Siberia.

The picture is familiar. It is Yugoslavia fifteen years ago, Egypt, ten. Burma is going through what all little, determinedly neutral countries go through. The police state is no answer, but it does seem to be a phase. Whether Burma will ever become as relaxed as Yugoslavia, however, seems doubtful. China is so near and the only weapon is an unhandy one. Only by discriminating against all foreigners in Burma, may Win also discriminate against the Chinese.

And all of this affects the Burmese almost not at all. Win and his group — sincere enough in their mission — are attempting revolution from the top down. This is the most difficult kind. Collective farming has not worked because there is almost no need to farm in Burma. The Burmese man on the street continues to be charming to foreigners. The children laugh, smile and wave.

Thus the government is rather like a group of scolding, fussy nannies in charge of the most enchanting kindergarten in the world. Nannies can discipline only through fear and reprisal. That has already happened. Last year there was a massacre of university students by the army. Burmese don't visit their foreign friends as much as they used to. But the new laws have not yet infected the majority. Burma is still a kind of paradise for them — for awhile.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

Minneapolis

Minnesota should be a proud state as Minneapolis is a lucky city. They have taken a step which marks a signal date in American cultural history: they have opened the Tyrone Guthrie Theatre, the most ambitious civic theatre project in this country outside New York.

This fact alone seems to me to outweigh all other considerations in regard to the first three productions [The fourth production, *Death of a Salesman*, opened in mid-July.] To argue whether or not the presentation

of *Hamlet* in modern trappings is justified strikes me at this juncture as essentially irrelevant. What is significant in the Minnesota venture is the attempt to create a repertory theatre on a high professional level away from the shambles of New York's entertainment market.

What we need in this country is not so much more and better "shows," but the image and fact of a Theatre. Thus far we have none of any conspicuous stature. The more fuss and excitement there is over this or that sensational hit show (even when it is a truly good one), the farther we remove ourselves from the very concept of a Theatre. For a Theatre is not the business of putting on a series of brilliant "attractions," but a unified effort to create an artistic identity which bespeaks the life of both the company and some important segment of the community.

The Minnesota Theatre Company is not yet, and for some time cannot be, such a unit. Its importance is that its organizers, Oliver Rea and Peter Zeisler, with the support of public-spirited sponsors in Minneapolis and a gratifyingly large number of citizens in the area, plan to make this dream come true.

The circumstance of Tyrone Guthrie's stewardship as Artistic Director for at least three six-month seasons is both fortunate and dangerous. Guthrie is one of the world's most gifted stage directors. He is a person of large human scope and a craftsman with talents which approach genius. He is an immediate and invaluable asset in the formation of a company on a level of unquestionable theatrical competence. But unless he serves to lead the company to an independent and permanent career, unless he makes everyone responsible for the company's future realize that it must stay and grow after his tenure expires, his individual "stardom" may prove as detrimental to the venture as it is now vivifying. In the making of a true Theatre the director's (or leader's) function is not only to present notable productions, but to educate both audience and artists in the nature and meaning of the institution as an abiding expression of their lives.

The acting company is not and should not now expect to be a "great" company. It is an honorably able one. Its first three productions afford aspects of genuine satisfaction.

I find myself rather impatient with

The NATION

the debate as to whether modern dress and "props" (bowler hat, trench coat, tennis rackets, electric flashlights, etc., etc.) are appropriate to the production of Shakespeare's plays. Offhand I would say that modern clothes in these plays are more emphatically costumes, more blatantly eye-catching, even more "stagy," than any sort of traditional dress. But I am unwilling to take a categorical stand. On the whole the costuming of Guthrie's *Hamlet* is attractive and in some cases witty.

Hamlet is a play of which I am able to follow the plot but have never been able to fathom the meaning! The number of explanations I have read or heard have served to intensify my confusion. I have yet to see a production which had its own unmistakable thought. But perhaps it is in its very mystery or complexity that some of the play's extraordinary fascination lies. I am certain only of one thing: that it is not about a man too thoughtful to take action. If anything, *Hamlet* is too active.

I have never seen a "definitive" *Hamlet* (what would that be?), nor has the play in production ever shaken or thrilled me to my depths, as many lesser plays have. The best *Hamlets* I have seen have impressed me only in bits.

Guthrie's *Hamlet* is a production in which the actors — some of them do very well in serving his view of scenes and characters — are employed to fulfill a design rather than to embody their own (or whatever may be taken to be Shakespeare's) substance. This is not a *Hamlet* without a *Hamlet* (George Grizzard, who is an excellent actor, does certain scenes and speeches eminently well); this is a *Hamlet* performed by a company loyally subservient to the director's intentions. Thus we see in Lee Richardson's Claudius a king who is disturbed, dishonest and yet an ordinary respectable and sensual stuffed-shirt politician — which may represent Guthrie's comment on most men of state.

I followed this four-hour (uncut) version of the play with almost unremitting attention, for Guthrie never does anything that is altogether without originality. Never before, for instance, have I seen the opening of the "Get thee to a nunnery" sequence played as an impassioned love scene turning to fury and frustration when *Hamlet* realizes he is being spied upon. There are several such episodes which in addition to their exciting choreog-

raphy or staging (the "Play" at the court) make this production a far more stimulating event than most of the more critically applauded presentations of *Hamlet* seen in New York since John Barrymore's day.

What American actors everywhere need for their personal equipment more than anything else at present is further and more exacting speech and vocal training. What the Minnesota management must unfailingly provide next season is more rehearsal time. Four weeks of rehearsal for such plays as those in the present repertory are an absurdity.

Molière's *The Miser* is a challenge. It is a slight and comparatively short farce and as a French play (avarice may be universal, but French avarice is proverbial) it still retains a certain bite in the sprightly or dancelike dialogue, a great part of which in the original constitutes *morceaux d'anthologie* — passages for perennial quotation. Such plays are difficult to translate theatrically on our stages. Douglas Campbell has done this by weaving the simple pattern of the play on to an elaborate fabric of crazy-quilt humor within a huge framework of stage business.

The plan succeeds with the Minneapolis audience, which is convulsed by Hume Cronyn's fantastically energetic clowning and delighted by the pretty costumes and the director's inventions. But they all came to be too much for me: the scheme was too evident and elaborate, everything was stretched to a scale that ultimately defeated (my) laughter. A fear of Molière's foreign idiom and modest proportions (within the large theatre and its extensive open stage) seems to have impelled the director to make us forget that there ever was a play there to begin with. The result struck me as a very clever improvisation around a vacuum.

Of the three plays, the one I found most affecting (this I believe to be the general impression) was *The Three Sisters*. Guthrie's production is intelligently aware of the text. Though I found only one performance more memorable than the rest — that of Claude Woolman as Tusenbach — and I am not at all certain that the arena stage is helpful to Chekhov, the play once again wove its soul-stirring spell as few plays of modern times are able to do.

The Three Sisters is a work as pertinent to Minneapolis in 1963 as it

must have been to Moscow in 1901, a poem of our age-old yearning for a full life. The "Moscow" the three sisters long for is neither the city of that epoch nor of the present, but that ever-beckoning realm, the ideal City of Man, which we may never reach but toward which we must always aspire.

This delicious comedy which makes us weep should be made a permanent item in the personal repertory of every civilized citizen everywhere. What does it matter whether Guthrie's is as good a production as we can imagine or might find elsewhere: has Minneapolis ever seen the like and do we ever see such a play anywhere more than once in a blue moon?

Let Minneapolis applaud and persevere, and let the rest of the country emulate and improve on this Midwestern example.

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FILMS

Robert Hatch

Frank Machin, the hero of *This Sporting Life*, is a professional rugby player, an inarticulate primitive who suffers intimations of humanity and vents his frustration in the breaking of bones and household objects. He is in a dramatic tradition that goes back at least as far as Caliban (though Shakespeare was too astute to make his beast the focus of his play), and in this instance he has been described with an unflinching intimacy and a plausibility that have earned the picture a press feverish with adjectives. The blazing actuality of the film, both on the playing field and in the domestic scenes, is attributable to Lindsay Anderson, a documentary director making his first feature film.

But Machin is also, it seems to me, made to butt his way through too many stock situations: there is the scene in which he rejects the advances of the owner's wife, thus doing

nothing to advance his career; there is another in which he attempts to prove himself the social equal of the other guests in a very fancy restaurant by bullying the waiters and putting his feet up on a chair, and there is still a third in which he romps tenderly with a pair of little children. Richard Harris, a large, muscular and rock-faced actor, carries out these familiar assignments with dogged thoroughness.

Playing opposite Harris is Rachel Roberts in the role of a young widow frozen by grief for her husband. The footballer lodges with her; when not playing in the stadium or living it up with his teammates after a game, he slams around the small house in an attempt to reawaken her to life. He eventually succeeds to the extent that she becomes his mistress, and his behavior turns even more extravagantly apish because he feels that her capitulation is no more than physical. Humiliation drives her into a decline and she dies, blood spurting inexplicably from her mouth as she lies in coma on a hospital bed.

That blood, I felt, was a tip-off. The picture has been made with such one-track-concentration on not glossing over the facts that no one has asked whether the facts themselves are sufficiently communicative. A tragic situation is implied in all this dumb violence, but it never escapes from behind the mask of brute inadequacy. Harris is obliged to wear. If the widow had been the hub of the tale, that might have been a different story.

Ballad of a Hussar, I am told, has been the popular screen success of Russia for months and months; it has now been brought over here and I went to see what draws the block-long crowds in Moscow.

The film is listed as a musical comedy; it recalls the very large floral offerings that were once created here for Jeanette MacDonald, though Miss MacDonald was never as active as the Russian actress. The story is of a young lady, gently nurtured but enterprising, who adopts the uniform of a cornet in the Hussars and rides off to be near her beloved lieutenant and to drive Napoleon from her beloved land. Her courage, dash and agility with saber and pistol soon win her a place among the most intrepid of the partisans, and she amuses herself and her audience by conducting a running battle of wits with her unsuspecting lover. The beardless "youth" is subjected to many manly

backslaps and bear hugs, a situation which has for generations been found unobjectionably sexy.

Ballad of a Hussar is made in exuberant color; it contains scenes of stupendous riding (a circus equestrian team receives a special credit line); the hand-to-hand fighting is in the best tradition of Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. (a maximum of gymnastics and no visible bloodshed). By some curious reverse influence, the cast is selected, costumed and coached to look exactly like a crowd of Hollywood Russians; except for the language, I would have sworn that the picture was made in California — forty years ago. It is a jolly example of the outdoor musical romance, but it suggests that if we really are moving into an era of cordiality with the Russians, one of the most perplexing, if not most critical, of our new problems will be synchronizing our cultural clocks.

Some very honest people, led by Jack O'Connell as writer, producer and director, have pooled their talents in *Greenwich Village Story* to tell us that the boys and girls living today within easy walk of Washington Square are serious, aspiring, generous, clear-eyed and quite the opposite of the wicked things which the middle-aged middle class means by "beatnik." The pool of talent is insufficient to float the enterprise. The film is a mawkish little tale of star-crossed lovers, stiffly performed and shattered by dialogue that never came from human lips — hip, beat or square. The city photography is pretty, as are several of the girls.

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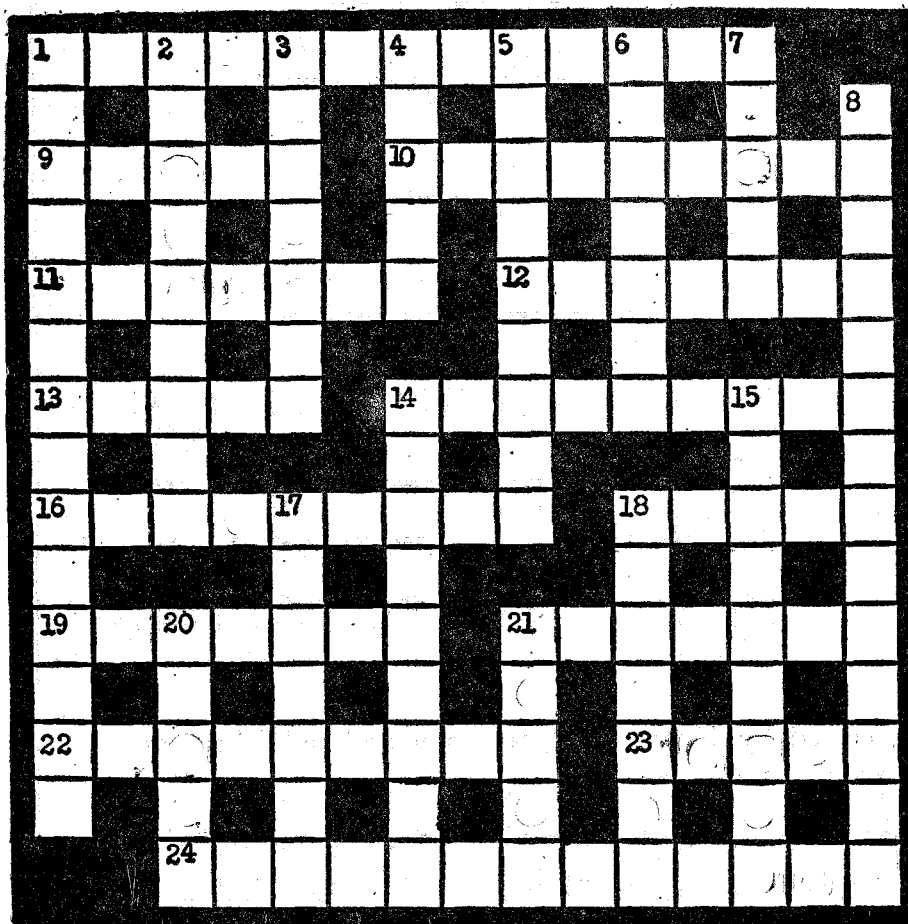
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Crossword Puzzle No. 1020

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 Might be brought by the wearer of 8 down, but a man might not want it to be pressed. (9, 4)
- 9 and 14 One does not necessarily refute the principle that church and politics shouldn't mix. (5, 9)
- 10 A comedian from the old country?
- 11 Refers indirectly to everything attached to shaky financial obligations. (7)
- 12 The flying type had a passenger that pleased the forlorn. (7)
- 13 Eats out units of force, by the sound of it. (5)
- 16 Leers, with a new twist for the former of them. (9)
- 18 Experts might recognize his work meant confusion. (5)
- 19 Not Miss 14 across, as it appears.
- 21 Such a decision might be generally made. (7)
- 22 Fruit center in a composition? (9)
- 23 Outreason? It's not proper without issue. (5)
- 24 What floss at the circus seems to turn to might be whispered here. (5, 8)

DOWN:

- 1 Overture made to a country boy with fancy footwork? (4, 3, 7)
- 2 By the sound of it, bound to be over countries where oil may be an important resource. (9)
- 3 Variety of red rose associated with

the screen. (7)

- 4 Existentialist statement, to a degree, but one of them requires only two syllables. (5)
- 5 The components are catchy, but one doesn't hope to get caught in one. (5, 4)
- 6 Pure and simple way to take off.
- 7 A little color in your writing effects this. (5)
- 8 The owner probably expects to wear it for a while. (9, 5)
- 14 Insects, it seems, might be found in the laboratory. (9)
- 15 A person covering a beach acquisition on the island? (9)
- 17 Want the result of this? (7)
- 18 Polite way to refer to a lady insect of considerable size? (7)
- 20 People found in castes, but not set up there. (5)
- 21 A little firm around the edges, but bloody in the middle, as one might believe. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1019

ACROSS: 1 Second base; 6 Dots; 10 Connote; 11 Finnish; 12 Silencer; 13 Ariel; 15 Loran; 17 Elephants; 19 Vishinsky; 21 Spahi; 24 Buttered; 27 Oratory; 28 Atheist; 29 Deal; 30 Crossroads. DOWN: 1, 23 and 9 down Sackcloth and ashes; 2 Cannier; 3 Niobe; 4 Bleachers; 5 Safer; 7 Opinion; 8 Scholastic; 14 Clavichord; 16 Neighbor; 18 Egyptians; 20 Stomata; 22 America; 24 Buyer; 25 Ether; 26 Otis.

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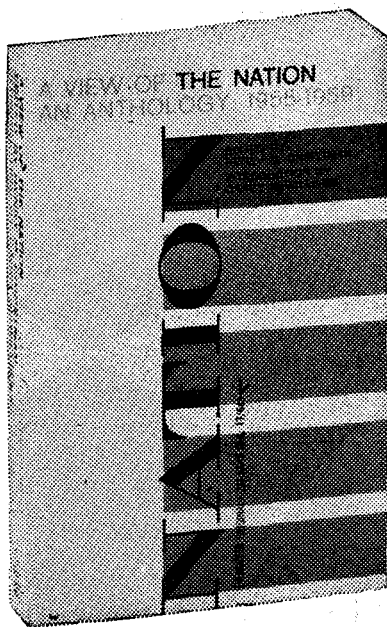
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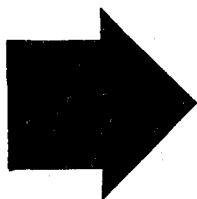


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